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Bard

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**Home again
who never
was sure.
I am a hero
afraid mostly
of the smallest things
my conquests reach
into desperate afternoons
the empty bedspread
then swoon the night away.
Dream in color and touch
don't understand what I see
today is the meaning
of last night's dream.
Before now I never was.**

**20 May 2014
(waking at home
after hospital)**

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**Entering the mysterious
humanitarian spaces
between crime and retribution
there is an upas tree
good to look at poisonous to touch.
Forgive the criminal
isolate him from his victims
actual or potential. In dream
he can do what he wants
but try to reach the dream too,
teach the dream. Conversion
the priests call it, though for them
it means another kind of jail.
For us it is the freeing of the mind.
a list of everything, a glorious
zoo with no cages anywhere.
More or less like London or Detroit.**

20 May 2014

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**The road to somewhere else
begins there, not here.
You have to be there
before you can get there.**

**Arriving is always a river
full of salmon and eels and
you are the only bridge.
To get to any place at all**